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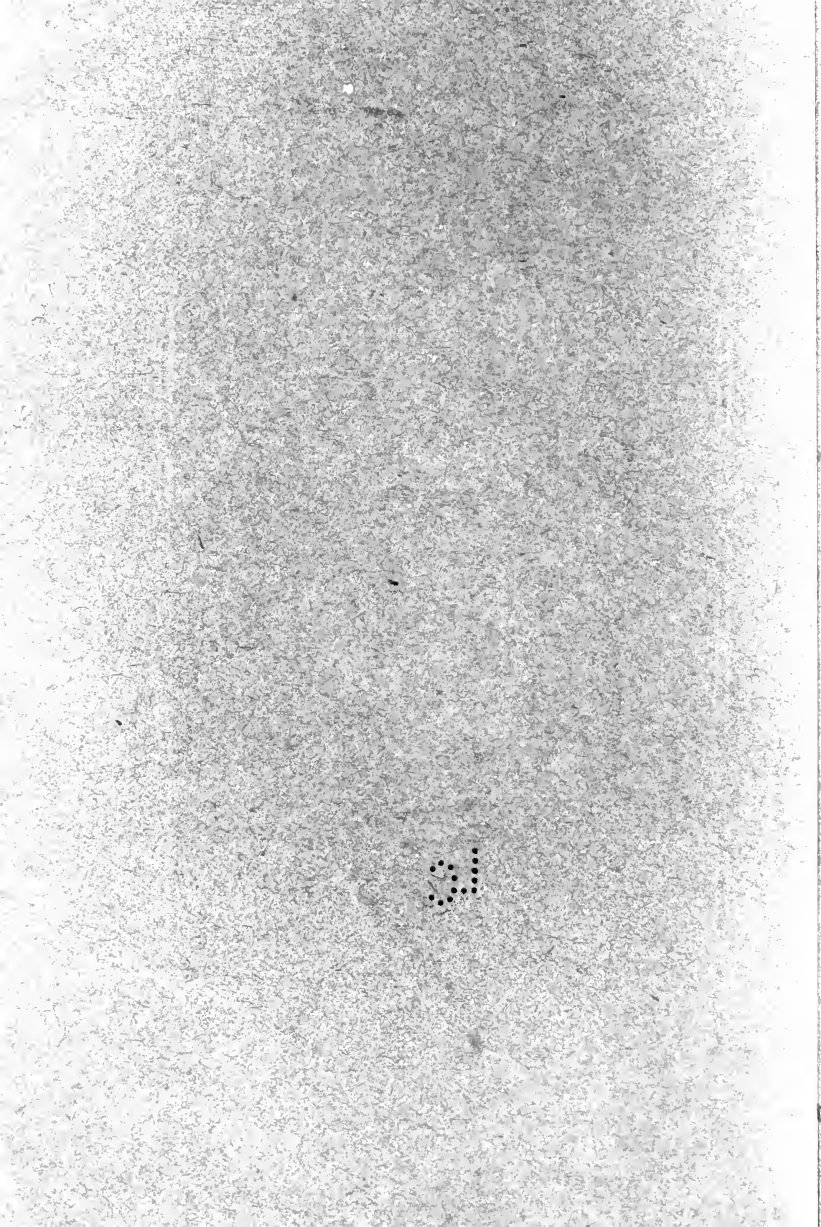
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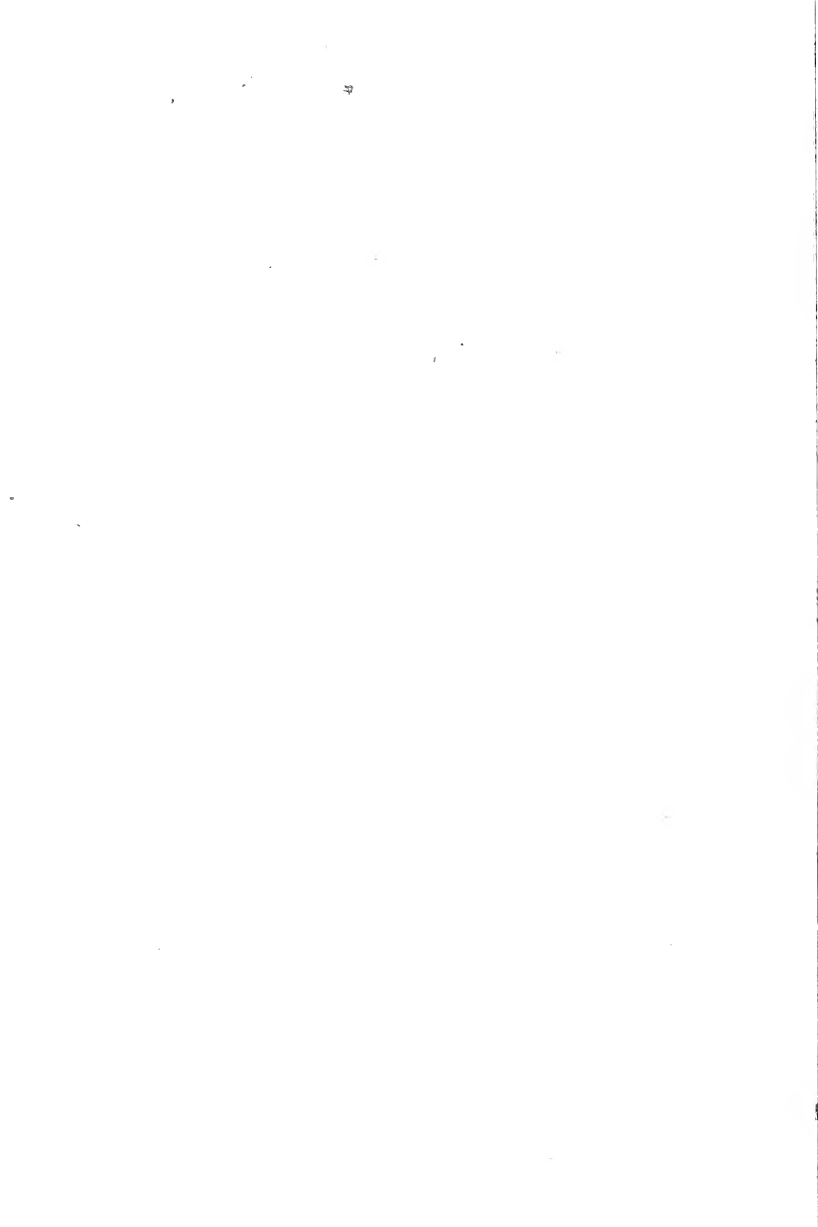
War-Ballads and Verses

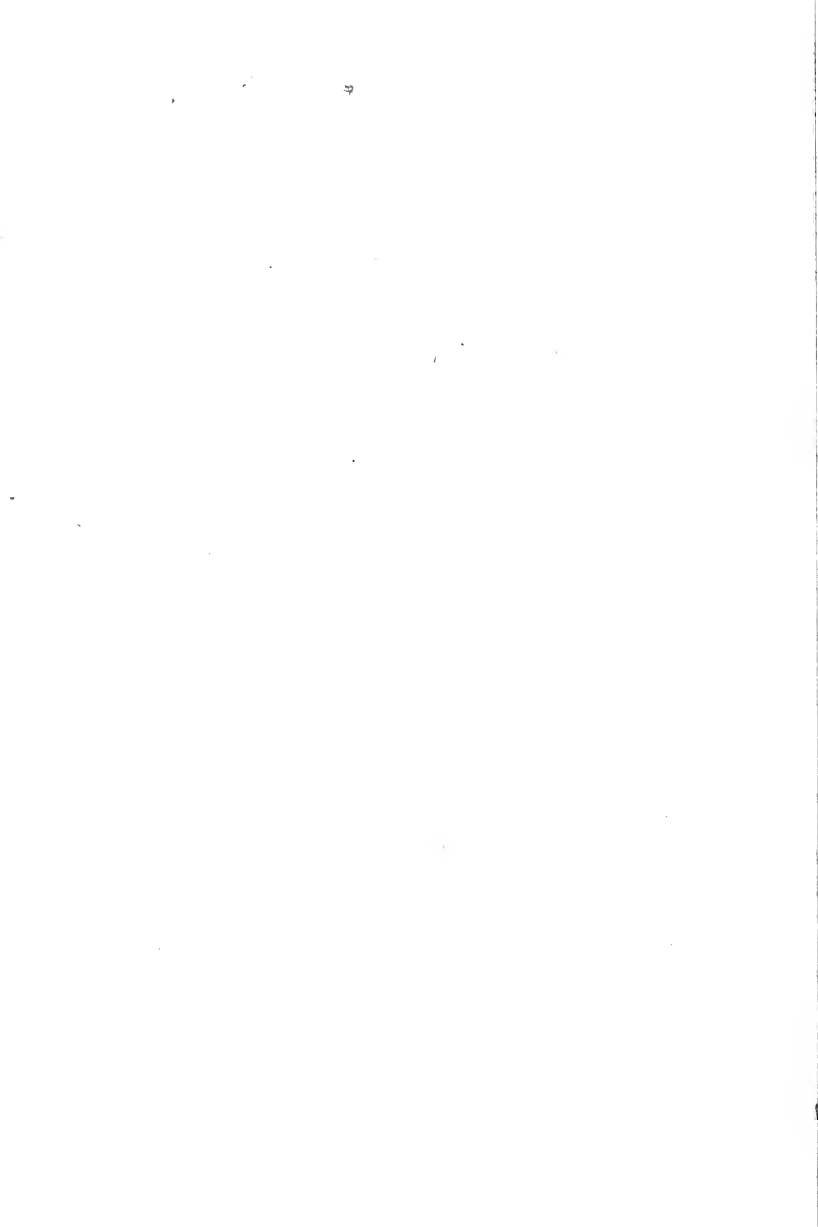


BY

William Hathorn Mills







WAR-BALLADS and VERSES

BY
WILLIAM HATHORN MILLS



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Of One Heart

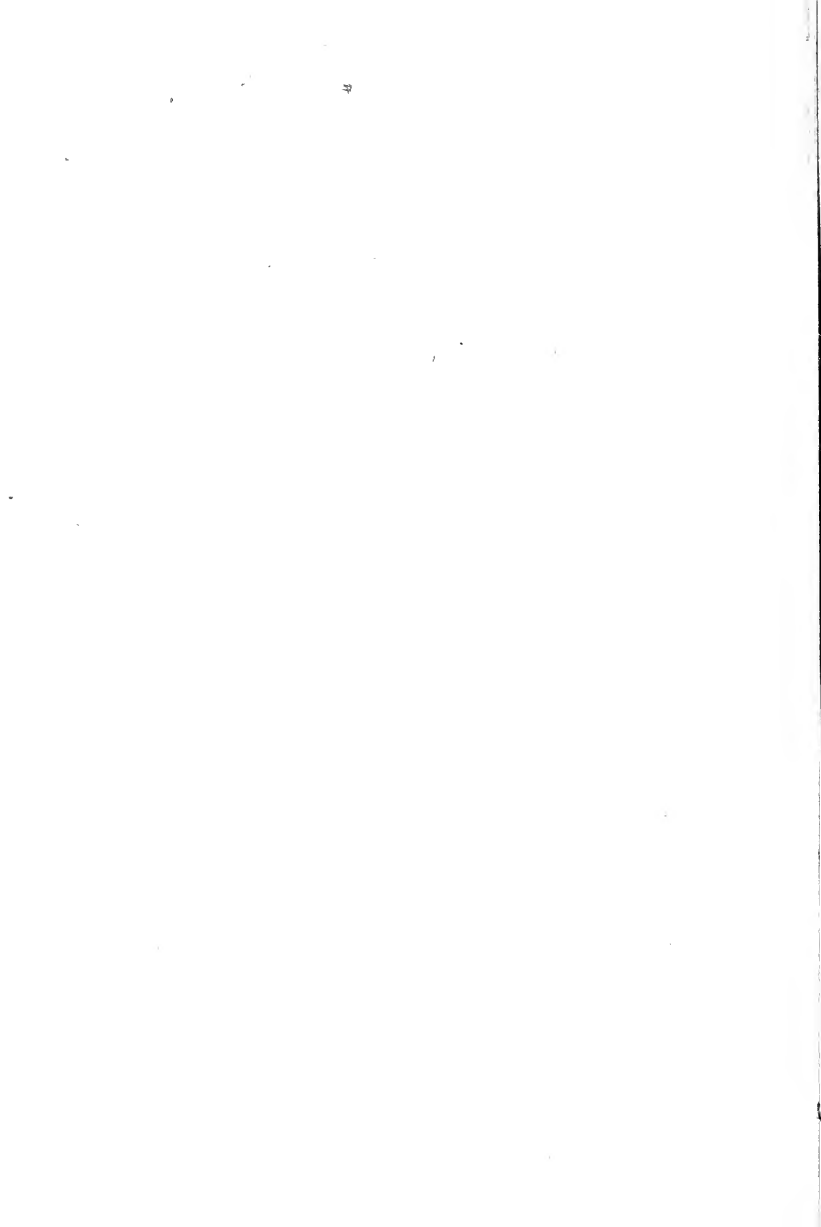
April 20, 1917.

SIDE by side the banners stood
In the great Cathedral Choir—
Sign of two nations' common blood,
Two nations' one desire.

Side by side, to the breeze unfurled
'Neath Heaven's canopy,
The Stars and Stripes of the Western World,
And the Union Jack, flew free.

Whether as call or orison,
They spoke of brotherhood—
Of hearts that beat in unison,
Seeking a world-wide Good.

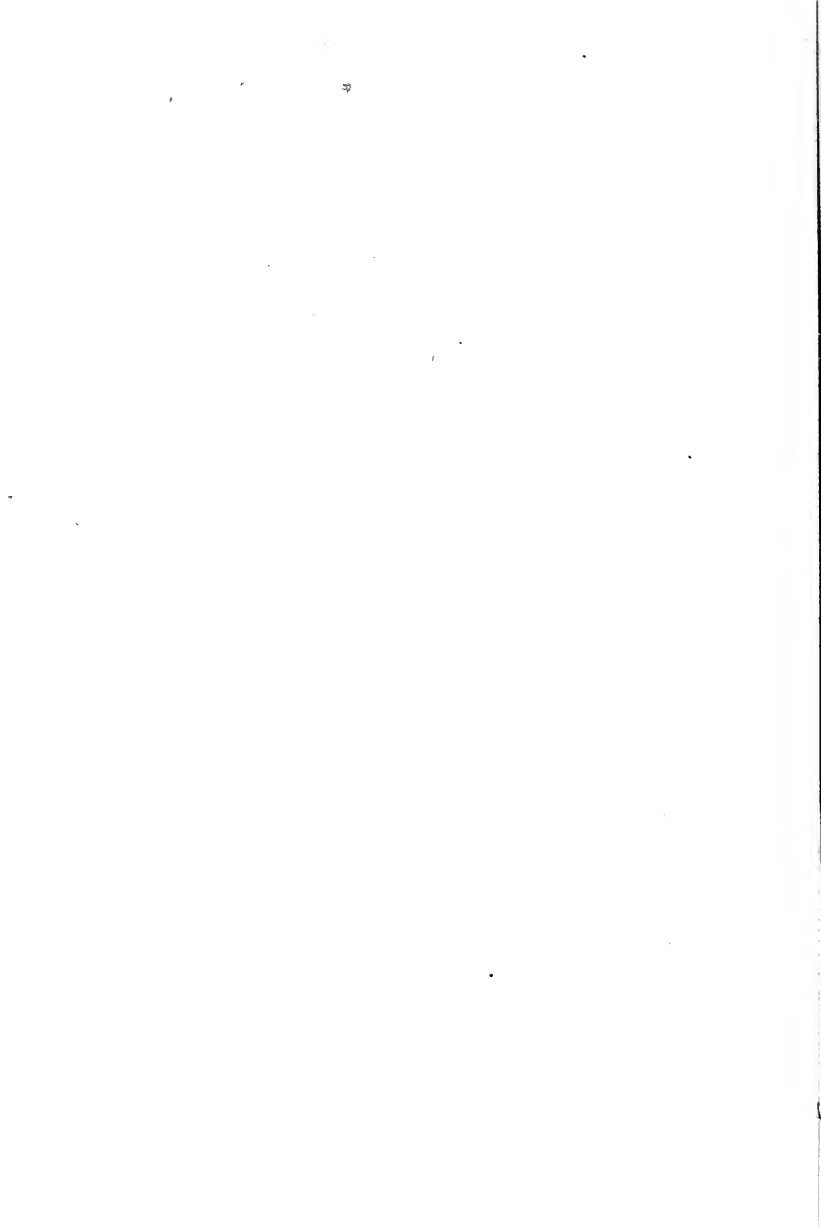
They prayed, and pray, for Victory;
Aye, and they call to fight;
Yes, but the cause is Liberty:
The fight is for the Right.



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NOTE—For details of the facts which suggested the ballads contained in this booklet see *The Times History of the War*; *The National Review* of July, 1917; *The Illustrated London News* of June 23, 1917; *The Graphic* of May 26, 1917.



Names to Conjure With

SOME songsters sing of maidens' charms,
 Of lovers' trysts on moon-lit shore,
 But when our Country stands in arms,
 What shall we sing but songs of war?

In days of old, when Persia's swarms
 Swept westward, spreading death and wrack,
 All that was Hellas sprang to arms,
 And hurled the fell invader back.

What time the Syrian tyrant sought
 To stamp out Israel's ancient creed,
 The Maccabaeen patriots fought
 Till hearths and homes and faith were freed.

The tales that tell how Switzerland
 Threw off the Austrian tyranny,
 Lit up by names heroic, stand
 Bright on the page of history.

Ah, words that were as tongues of flame—
 Sempach, Bethhoron, Marathon—
 Are ye but names now? Has your fame
 Passed into cold oblivion?

Nay; ye are words still tipped with fire;
 Still are ye as a trumpet-call;
 Ye prompt our cry of righteous ire—
 "To arms! To arms! The Hun must fall".

Caritas Humani Generis

THE war-call rings across the sea;
 "To Arms"! the paean cries;
 'Tis Right's demand; 'tis Freedom's plea;
 'Tis Truth denouncing lies.
 Sons of Columbia, shall their claim
 Find you as freemen but in name?
 What's Freedom's part? To seek our own?
 Is that true liberty?
 Nay; not for its own sake alone
 Is any soul made free;
 Free!—'tis the children's epithet,
 And that means claims that must be met.
 Parents and children, each to each,
 Owe love and sympathy;
 Friendships may end or suffer breach;
 The blood-bond cannot die;
 Mankind are God's great family,
 And woe to them who flout that tie!
 The service of Humanity—
 Of souls by ills beset—
 That's duty in epitome,
 And duty means a debt;
 Debts must be paid; aye, and the call
 Of Charity comes first of all.
 About Ben Adhem, as he slept,
 Saw how, in Heaven's purview,
 The second great commandment kept
 Means the first rule kept too;
 "Am I my brother's keeper? I?"—
 That is a Cain's apology.

Half-dead upon a hill-side road
 A wounded traveller lay;
 Levite and Priest saw him, and strode
 Serenely on their way;
 'Twas left to a Samaritan
 To save from death that wounded man.
 Both Priest and Levite would have pled
 Privilege as their plea;
 They feared defilement—they'd have said—
 Some loss of sanctity;
 With them self-interest came first—
 Excuse of all excuses worst.
 "Our Country first", some voices cry;
 If that means, "Motherland
 Has higher claims than family
 Or self", the cry will stand;
 What if it means, "Let the world slide,
 So long as we and ours abide"?
 Nay; the world's Good, the rule of Right,
 Truth, Honour, Charity—
 These things come first, and they who fight
 For world-wide equity—
 For weaklings by the strong down-trod—
 Fulfil their duty unto God.
 True children these, and not less true
 They who, to serve God's will,
 Under the Red Cross ensign do
 Their work, and witness still,
 As erst the Good Samaritan,
 "God's glory is the good of Man".

NOTE—"Free" comes from a root which meant "dear". It distinguished the children of the family from the household slaves. Hence the later sense.

E Pluribus Vnum

THUS then we meet the tyrant's threat—
 We of America,
 And, with stern resolution, set
 Our battle in array.

"Old Glory" stands for Liberty;
 "Old Glory" stands for Right;
 Its Stars and Stripes speak Unity,
 And now its call is "Fight":

"Fight for your own, but fight not less
 For the world's common good;
 Fight for a rule of righteousness,
 For world-wide brotherhood:

"Stand, to withstand the insolence
 Of truculent war-lord;
 Strike, to beat down the brute offence
 Of mailed fist and drawn sword:

"For God, for Honour, for Redress
 Of wrongs and injuries,
 For Little Nations in distress—
 These be your battle-cries".

We answer to that call and plea,
 And gird us to the fight;
 We will not stand for Tyranny;
 We will not fail the Right.

Spirit of Lincoln, shape once more
 Our country's destiny,
 And make the issue of her war
 Triumphant victory.

Heroes

V. C.'s "for valour"—as we scan
 The tale of deeds that won this glory,
 Our wonder is that any man
 Could do the deeds, could make the story.

Here, one man does the work of ten,
 With ten men's grit, pluck, self-reliance;
 There, half a company of men
 Sets half a regiment at defiance.

Stories of Paladin and Knight—
 Tales that we called and reckoned fancies—
 Seem, in the blaze of this new light,
 Not myths, but true-to-life romances.

Scornful of wounds, of risks, of odds,
 Heroes press on where duty calls them;
 Say, are they men or demigods,
 Whom naught rebuffs, as naught appals them?

Just men, but men to whom the sense
 Of duty is an inspiration;
 To whom death means the expedience
 Of one man dying for the nation.

This is the Master's spirit; it
 Made Curtius leap into the chasm;
 A flame, by love and honour lit,
 It is divine enthusiasm.

Bellerophons

(Flight Sub-Lient. R. A. J. Warneford, V. C.,
R. N. A. S.)

NOT now on land alone or sea
Does war's grim conflict fare;
Aircraft have their artillery,
And battle in mid-air.

They scout, report the foe's intent,
Tackle each hostile plane;
In fact they use the firmament
As it were land or main.

On works that shelter submarines
They drop their compliments;
They smite the dirty Zeppelins
That slaughter innocents.

Little has war now of romance
Upon the ground below,
Save when the pipes skirl the Advance,
Or lance-charge breaks the foe .

But where, manoeuvring in high air,
The flying squadrons fight,
Or airplane duels with airplane, there
Is glamour of war all right.

The spirit of the old mariners,
Who sailed o'er unknown seas—
Is it in the adventurers
Who dare such deeds as these ?

If they—and still Drake's drum is heard—
 With us yet bear their part,
 His spirit, who singed King Philip's beard,
 Warneford, was in your heart.

You won Victoria's Cross; you won
 More than the prized V. C.;
 For Freedom's thanks and benison
 Hallow your memory.

En Avant!

AH, France, fair France—never more fair
 Than now when, in your agony,
 You face the Hun; your gallantry
 Is beauty such as Spirits wear.

We watched you at Verdun, and there,
 As your thinned ranks smote Prussia's pride,
 Saw what you are—how fair, and cried,
 "C'est magnifique, et c'est la guerre".

"The Old Guard dies"—'twas said of yore—
 "Aye, but surrenders not"; that soul
 Is yours, and, while the ages roll,
 Shall be the glory of your war.

It never dies—that Gallic mood;
 It was in Amadis, La Pucelle,
 Roland, Bayard; Kelt and Gaël
 Bred it in France; it's in the blood.

Not vain your stand; now comes the Advance;
 The Hun gives way; his doom is nigh;
 Upon him with your chivalry,
 And hurl him headlong! VIVE LA FRANCE!

***“They Also Serve Who Only Stand
and Wait”***

(Boy J. T. Cornwell, V. C., H. M. S. “Chester”.)

HALL-MARK of the heroic soul,
And stamp of chivalry,
“For Valour” stands upon the scroll
Of the V. C.

It pictures warriors in the fight,
In battle’s fierce pell-mell,
Or Red Cross knights at work, despite
Bullet and shell.

Valour—it is a word that speaks
Of strength, of manhood’s crown—
Strength that beats back offence, and breaks
Defiance down.

Yet women have been valorous, for
True valour is of the heart;
And one mere lad at Jutland bore
A hero’s part.

Wounded to death right at the start,
He yet stuck to his post,
Waiting for orders; his brave heart
Recked not the cost.

He takes his place among the Three,
Staunch as their ironclads,
Who on that day won the V. C.—
This lad of lads.

Ah, Sailor Boy, you died, 'tis true,
 But lives thus given live on;
 Your life laid down meant life for you
 Not lost, but won.

Virtutis Causa

(Piper D. Laidlaw, V. C., K. O. S. Borderers)

LAND of my forbears, how shall I,
 An exile on a foreign strand,
 Tell out your manhood's gallantry:
 Their doughty deeds on sea and land?

Yet, for at times some news comes thro'
 To these far parts, I can record
 A deed, not less of derring-do
 Than bayonet-charge or stroke of sword.

The King's Own Scottish Borderers stood
 In act to rush a Prussian trench—
 To rush it thro' a hell that would
 Have made a salamander blench.

Half-choked by gas, one company
 Wavered a moment as in doubt;
 The pause caught Piper Laidlaw's eye,
 Who promptly straightened matters out.

Upon the parapet he sprang,
 And, strutting calmly to and fro,
 Made the pipes speak; their music rang
 A slogan to the lads below.

"The Standard on the Braes of Mar"

Lifted them, thrilled them, swept them on,
Till from the avalanche of their war
The Prussians fled; the trench was won.

He skirled away their doubt; he skirled
Them thro' that hell to victory;
They would have charged across the world
After his pipes—that company.

Piper and pipes required repairs,
Later; the pipes, for all to see,
Are set in silver; Laidlaw wears
A cross that labels him V. C.

Sea-Dogs

WHAT of our ships—our mighty Battle-Fleet?
What has it done thus far in this world-war?
Has it made history that shall repeat
The fame of Gravelines and of Trafalgar?

The fight off Jutland—aye, a gallant fight—
And some few tussles in the Northern Sea:—
That seems its published record. Has its might
Done nothing else to match its majesty?

The shores of Britain and of France kept free
From trespass of invasion; host on host
Of fighting men and of artillery
Sent without loss or hurt from coast to coast:

Our seas patrolled: blockaded Germany:
Trade routes protected: U-boats sunk or caught:
Armed raiders hunted down from sea to sea:—
At business such as this our Fleet has wrought.

What sort of work has this meant? Work of brain
 Not less than work of heart and hand and eye:
 A vigilance as of watch-dogs: the long strain
 Of ceaseless, tireless, patient energy.

A burden of responsibility
 Such as no navy ever bare before—
 That is the weight our War-Fleet bears; 'twould try
 The strength of Atlas, and the might of Thor.

Seamen of Britain, we, whom Britain claims
 As her own children, doff our hats to you;
 And, on the scroll that bears the mighty names
 Of Drake and Nelson, set your record too.

Non-Combatants

NOT warriors only win and wear
 The cross that bears Victoria's name;
 Doctors and chaplains do and dare
 As valiant deeds, and share their fame.

Aye, in the battle's very heart,
 On ground swept by artillery,
 These sons of peace have borne their part
 With all a warrior's gallantry.

Each in the order of his work,
 They, in the open, under fire,
 Rescue and help; they never shirk
 Or balk, and never seem to tire.

It's shortened now by many a gap—
 The roll of the R. A. M. C.;
 It makes no matter; hap what hap,
 They carry on their ministry.

The Red Cross on our side displayed
 Attracts, too oft, the Prussian's aim;
 By them, ah shame! it has been made
 A blind; yet Britain plays the game.

And so among the names, that claim
 Place in the roll of our V. C.'s,
 Are names of heroes, whose high fame
 Is just a tale of ministries.

Noms De Guerre

THEY make their own Tanks now—the French;
 Tanks that are quite all right;
 They'll smash thro' wire; they'll rush a trench;
 They'll stand fire, and they'll fight.

They're named "Patte de Velours", "Mounette",
 "Malèche", et caetera;

E. g., one bears the étiquette
 Ironie—"Pourquoi pas?"

When Job was living, a war-horse
 Was said to neigh "Ha, Ha";
 To-day this Gallic Tank, of course,
 Challenges, "Pourquoi pas?"

While British Tanks are doing their stunt
 By Ypres and Arras,
 Their French mates on the Champagne Front
 Do ditto. Pourquoi pas?

French planes and British tumble Fritz
 Headlong du haut en bas;
 French Tanks and British give them fits
 Below. Et pourquoi pas?

"Patte de Velours"? Well, she, I guess,
 Has claws that are as cats',
 Sheathed, as it were, in velvet; yes;
 But cats are death on rats.

Ah, Tanks of France, if there were need,
 I'd wish you added might;
 I wish you, as it is, "Good Speed",
 And triumph in the fight.

And as for you, whose soubriquet
 Is that grim "Pourquoi pas?",
 I send you, tho' I'm far away,
 A British cheer—"Hurrah!"

Irrepressibles

SIX thousand unattached Marins,
 Formed into a brigade,
 Were sent by the French Admiralty
 To bring the Belgians aid.
 Their Brigadier, as well beseemed,
 Was Admiral Ronarc'h:
 A gallant soul, in whom there dwelt
 The spirit of Jeanne d'Arc:
 The fire of Keltic chivalry,
 Of valour quick and stark.

Just Breton lads, for the most part,
 They were, and under age;
 But all, from Admiral downward, shared
 One goodly heritage,
 For theirs were Breton hearts, and theirs
 The old Breton courage.

They went to Ghent to bar the way
 Against the Huns' advance;
 They fought at Melle, and there upheld
 The name and fame of France.
 Then Antwerp fell, and they were sent
 Off to Dixmuiden, there
 To hold the town, and guard from breach
 The line of the Yser.

"Hold on for two days, if you can"—
 The Admiral was told;
 For near a month he stoutly kept
 The Belgian stronghold—
 Kept it against a foe whose force
 Outnumbered his ten-fold.

What did that mean? It meant that Krupp
 Guns showered their shot and shell,
 Day after day, on them, and made
 The little town a hell.
 It meant that, horde by horde, the Huns
 Swept onward to the attack,
 And that each furious assault
 Was met, and beaten back.

All this for near a month; at last,
 Tho' not till Yser's flood,
 Let in, had fortified the line—
 The gap that they made good—
 This band of heroes quit the post,
 Now hallowed by their blood.

France gave them for their gallantry
 A banner of their own;
 And still, by one battalion

Guarded, that flag is flown:
 An echo and a memory
 Of Roland's gonfalone.

O Fusiliers Marins, to you
 Naught seemed impossible;
 Whether as militant Marins,
 Or—well, as half-grown-up gamins,
 You're irresistible.

Runners

(Pte. J. Miller, V. C., Royal Lancaster Regt. Pte. L.
 E. Mallery, M. M., Tenth Canadian Battalion.)

'TIS parlous work, and yet it brings
 Naught of the joy of fight,
 Naught of the high romance that erst
 Charmed Paladin and Knight:
 A humbler task, a task that claims
 Courage and caution too:
 Caution not less than courage: wit
 Not less than derring-do—

That is the runner's work; he must
 Bear messages at need:
 Must cross the open oft, and trust
 His luck will be good spede;
 Yet must he run no needless risks,
 Would fling his life away;
 Upon his errand's issue hang
 The issues of the day.

"More haste", the proverb says, "worse spede"—
 He has that warning pat;
 And yet that counsel, if the need
 Be instant need, falls flat;
 The venture, he reckons, must be made,
 And he lets it go at that.

At times it falls to him to bear
 Despatches thro' the night;
 At times he has to get them thro'
 The pell-mell of the fight;
 Be it by night, be it by day,
 It's a ticklish job all right.

A ticklish job! Ah yes; that's why
 A message is mostly sent
 Not by one messenger alone;
 Three runners bear it, each on his own,
 To guard against accident.

It fell on a time that a messenger
 Was shot on his outward race;
 That meant a battalion's strength wiped out
 In a couple of minutes' space;
 Plans had been changed, and no one knew
 Of the change where the thing took place.

Private James Miller, called to take
 A message, and bring back
 An instant answer, at any cost,
 Started, nor loth, nor slack;
 Shot thro' the body at once, he held
 His hand on the gaping wound,
 Went and returned, brought the reply,
 And fell dead to the ground.

Better the luck, and not less the pluck,
 Of Lawrence Mallery,
 Who ran the gauntlet not once nor twice,
 And ran it triumphantly;
 For he lived to tell the tale, and see
 The fruit of his ministry.

Perils by sea, on land, aloft,
 From U-boat, bomb and shell—
 Thro' these our heroes fight their way,
 As it were thro' the Gates of Hell;
 It's all for the sake of Motherland,
 And their Mother loves them well.

She doesn't forget their fealty—
 The faith that their blood has sealed;
 James Miller's deed claimed the V. C.;
 And the medals, won by Mallery,
 Bear, graven upon the shield,
 Legends, as of a Magnificat—
 This, "For Distinguished Conduct": that,
 "For Bravery in the Field".

Britons, nay all true hearts, are proud
 Of such fine gallantry;
 It gives us back our hopes in man,
 Our faith in his destiny;
 It flashes a vision upon our eyes
 Of an Earth redeemed by self-sacrifice:
 Of a new Humanity.

Some Keepsake

(Sergt. R. Downie, V. C., Royal Dublin Fusiliers.)

“I’LL bring you a keepsake, wife”—said he—
 “A trophy of war, from France;
 But it won’t be a German’s helm, you’ll see,
 And it won’t be a Uhlan’s lance”.

He went to the war, and he fought the Huns,
 And bombed them merrily;
 Was never another of Britain’s sons
 A starker Kelt than he.

It fell on a time, in a fierce attack,
 That the British line was checked;
 Some units wavered, and some fell back,
 And the plan of assault seemed wrecked.

But Downie—his officers all were dead—
 To the answer of rousing cheers,
 Sang out: “Come on, the Dubs”, and led
 The charge of his Fusiliers.

Wounded, he still pressed on: smote down
 In his rush Hun after Hun:
 Captured a quick-firer on his own,
 Nor stayed till the post was won.

On leave of absence from the strife,
 He came to his ain countrie,
 And brought the keepsake to his wife.
 What was it? O, the V. C.

A Man of War

(Pte. T. A. Jones, V. C., Cheshire Regt.)

“**T**ODGER”—it hardly seems a name
 To claim a place on the scroll of fame;
 'Tis a hero's title, all the same.
 He's Thomas A. Jones officially,
 But “Todger”'s the name that he goes by.

“If I'm to be killed, well, killed I'll be
 Fighting, not digging a trench”—said he;
 So he sallied forth like an errant knight,
 In search of some venture would mean a fight.

And first he made for a near-by spot,
 Whence a sniper was shooting shot after shot;
 He got that sniper at the cost
 Of a hole in his helmet—inch high at most.

A white flag waved next caught his eye,
 And two shots showed that it was a lie;
 He stalked that pair, and got them too;
 And then he pondered what next to do.

A little farther some dug-outs lay;
 So he quietly strolled to the entrance-way,
 And, meeting an English-speaking Hun,
 Said—as he covered him with his gun—
 “You tell your mates to come along,
 For the Tommies are on them, 5,000 strong”.

When his mates came up, they found that he
 Was herding a goodly company;
 For he'd got just five score Huns and two
 Paraded all, as for a review.

In a bit of a hollow stood the crowd,
 Corralled, hands up, completely cowed;
 He'd bidden them file out, one by one,
 And drop their arms, and had seen it done;
 He'd collared them—every mother's son.

His comrades rounded them up, of course,
 But his was the all-compelling force;
 His stark audacity, his stern voice,
 The bombs that he grasped—all fixed their choice.

On leave of absence from the fray,
 He came back home for a holiday;
 Foe never saw his back, but he
 Showed it to friends, and that shamelessly;
 For Runcorn town was all out to greet
 Its hero with acclamations meet;
 But he just scuttled down a side street,
 Nor stayed his flight till he had won
 By backways home, and burst in upon
 His parents—a bashful, and breathless son.

The Call of the Drum

(Drummer W. Ritchie, V. C., Seaforth Highlanders.)

HE is—his portrait seems to show—
 A lad, or little more;
 Yet by his garb and drum we know
 Him for a man of war.

What could he do that he should wear
 Victoria's Cross to-day—
 The Cross that falls to a picked few
 For deeds of lordliest derring-do,
 Done in the heart of the fray?

Ah, well—we think of a stripling pair,
 Jakin and Lew by name,
 Thro' whom the "Fore and Aft" put off
 That soubriquet of shame,
 And became once more the "Fore and Fit"—
 Title of well-earned fame.

His officers, in the storm and stress
 Of a hotly pressed attack,
 Had fallen, and units, leaderless,
 Or faltered, or held back.

Ritchie—the thought was all his own—
 Sprang to a Hun trench-mound,
 And standing there, erect, alone,
 Beat, and re-beat, the "Charge"; not one
 Of the British hearts in that battle-zone,
 But leapt to the magic sound.

Above the roar of bombs and guns,
 Rang from the parapet
 That haughty challenge; and all the Huns
 Fell back, as the wave of old Scotland's sons
 Swept on with the bayonet.

The trench was carried; this business done
 To his mind, he was content
 To carry messages to and fro,
 Wherever his duty bade him go
 Thro' the hell, till the day was spent.

That's why he wears Victoria's Cross—
 This lad, and is worthy o't;
 Our admiration is half amaze
 To think that he lived to wear his bays;
 But he did. 'Tis a bonny Scot!

Off the Breton Coast

AS the Huns' submarine campaign
 Went on its gruesome way,
 A U-boat Captain sought to claim
 Place in Gehenna's roll of fame
 By sinking fisher-boats—a game
 Easy to win as play.

He hung about their fishing ground,
 And sank them one by one;
 The boats were lost; the crews were drowned;
 Thus he fulfilled his daily round,
 His rôle, of infamies, and found
 Work worthy of a Hun.

And so this monster of the deep
 Wrought havoc day by day,
 Until the Hyacinthe-Yvonne,
 A coaster from les Sables d'Olonne,
 Cut short his game for aye.

Not a big boat, not iron-clad,
 Was Hyacinthe-Yvonne;
 Yes, but she bore a useful gun—
 A gun that pumped shells on the Hun,
 And was his doom anon.

'Twas a grim fight; the coaster's crew
 One moment held their breath;
 For, firing hard, the submarine
 Shot her beneath the water-line,
 And wounded her to death.

They didn't stop for that; they fired
 A shell that turned the day;
 It dealt the U-boat, just below
 Her conning tower, a fatal blow;
 She tried to dive, but failed, and so
 Just stuck, perforce, half-way.

Then, as she hung, stern up in air,
 Bows under sea, her hull
 Served as a target for French shells,
 And got them fair and full.

Five minutes settled her hash; what of
 The Hyacinthe-Yvonne?
 O, she sank too, but not till she
 Had seen the Huns' catastrophe;
 And all her gallant company
 Were saved—aye, everyone.

So perish all the miscreants
 Who play the pirate's game!
 Theirs be the murderer's short shrift,
 The murderer's doom no plea may lift,
 Aye, and his deathless shame!

In the Bay of Biscay

THE fishers of l'Île-d'Yeu—old men
 All, and infirm—the stark
 And young were fighting in the fray—
 Saw signals of distress one day,
 Hoist by a freighter in the Bay;
 They manned the life-boat right-away,
 And made sail for the barque.

Torpedoed by a Hun U-boat
 The ship was all awash;
 The life-boat reached her, and anon
 Took off the seven—the rest were gone—
 Who had survived the crash.

They turned and headed for the shore—
 This little company;
 Ah, but the wind was now a gale—
 A gale they fought without avail—
 That tore away their mizzen sail,
 And swept them out to sea.

Two days and nights, with never a sup
 Of water or a bite,
 They battled against wind and wave,
 And, facing aye a watery grave,
 Did all that stout old hearts and brave
 Might do in parlous plight.

On the third day at last they made
 The shore of Finistère;
 But only eight were left to tell
 This tale of grit and dare—
 This story how a dozen old men
 Stuck it, and bluffed despair.

What was she after—this Norse barque,
 That lies beneath the main?
 All innocent of guile or war,
 From neutral shore to neutral shore,
 A neutral ship, she simply bore
 Food for the folk of Spain.

Dark lies the shadow of that crime
 Upon the coward Hun;
 Yes, but perhaps it makes more bright,
 More splendid to our watching sight,
 The fame those heroes won.

I think that, when le Rôle d'Honneur
 Is brought up, le bon Dieu
 Will rank—because they died to save,
 Or dared for others' sake the grave—
 Among the bravest of the brave
 The Old Men of l'Île-d'Yeu.

In the Straits of Otranto

(A Ballad of the French Fleet.)

AS it fell out, in the world-war,
 An Austrian submarine
 Torpedoed, in the full moonlight,
 A ship, Léon Gambetta hight,
 That off Cape Leuca watched that night
 The French blockading line.

Upon the cruiser's bridge there stood
 Captain and Admiral;
 They couldn't—the dynamo was wrecked—
 Send out a wireless call;
 The lights went out; the engines stopped;
 And the great ship heeled, and her port side dropped,
 As a boat before a squall.

What did they do? Their one thought was
 For the ship's company;
 The Captain set himself to make
 The ship ride evenly;
 The Admiral shouted to the men,
 And his voice rang cheerily.

"Steady, my children! To the boats!"
 He cried; "They are for you;
 Nous autres, nous restons!"—so he saw
 His duty—saw it as a law
 Of honour—and did it too.

Many were left, for boats were few;
 Ah well, their countenance
 Changed not; "Courage!", they cheered—the cry
 Rose as a paean—"We shall die
 Together! Vive la France!"

Not seven score of the cruiser's men
 Were saved to fight again;
 Five times as many loyal hearts
 Went down beneath the main;
 Officers, one and all of them,
 Were numbered with the slain.

Sénès and André, Admiral
 And Captain, aye, and ye—
 Or officers or men—who faced
 That grim catastrophe,
 Nor flinched, truly ye were, and are,
 A valiant company.

To France your lives were consecrate;
 For France ye laid them down;
 The heroes of the Birkenhead
 Share with you their renown;
 Aye, and amid the gallant dead,
 Ye wear the patriots' crown.

A Ballad of the Grand Fleet

(Com. Loftus W. Jones, V. C., R. N.)

THE heart of the old balladist
 For Witherington was woe,
 Who, when his legs were hewn in twain,
 Upon his knee still fought amain,
 Nor yielded to the foe.

And what but woe can our hearts be,
 A-thinking of his death,
 Who, as he fought in Jutland Bay,
 Fought on with one leg shot away,
 And cheered his men to their last fray,
 And his, with dying breath?

Full half his company were slain;
 His ship was sinking fast;
 Propped up by his last gun, he helped
 To serve it to the last;
 It was a grim five minutes—that—
 An agony as it passed.

His ship went down, and with her went
 Her Captain and her crew;
 But, 'ere the waves closed o'er the Shark,
 Her last torpedo found its mark,
 And a Hun ship sank too.

Ah, gallant Jones, it seemed to you,
 And yours, a simple thing
 To do your duty, and to die
 For Country and for King.

The world has need of such true souls,
 Wherever they have their birth;
 They are the soul of chivalry,
 Aye, and the very salt, perdie,
 And leaven of the earth.

Our heart is woe for British tars
 O'er whom the Atlantic rolls;
 Yes, but it's also proud to know—
 Proud, aye, and thankful too, I trow,—
 That Britain breeds such souls.

Hail! Canada

Strong and sweet as the Maple-tree:
 That's what your emblem bids you be—
 The leaf that figures your quality:

Sweet with the sweetness of loyalty,
 Of honour, of sincerity,
 Of cheerful generosity:

Strong with the strength of constancy,
Of pluck, of patience, of energy,
Of grit that defies adversity:

That's what your emblem bids you be.
How have you answered its call and plea?
By deeds of chivalrous gallantry.

In the great fight for liberty,
All the Dominions valiantly
Stood by their Mother, the Old Countree.

Aye, but when, as she stood at bay,
She called her children to the affray,
Who but Canada led the way?

Sweet and strong as the Maple-tree:
That's what your emblem bids you be;
Aye, and it's what you are, perdie.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—As I cannot find any symbolic meaning attached to the Maple-leaf of Canada, I have had to invent one—"Sweetness and Strength". The Oak-leaf, as representing the Oak-tree, symbolizes Strength. Why, then, should not the Maple-leaf figure the characteristics of its parent tree—one of the strongest of trees, and the source of Maple-sugar?

Our Dead

WHAT shall we say of those who gave
Their lives at Britain's claim,
Nor held them dear so they might save
Their Motherland's fair fame:

Who fought and fell for kith and kin,
 For Freedom and the Right;
 To whom disloyalty was sin,
 And Justice more than Might?

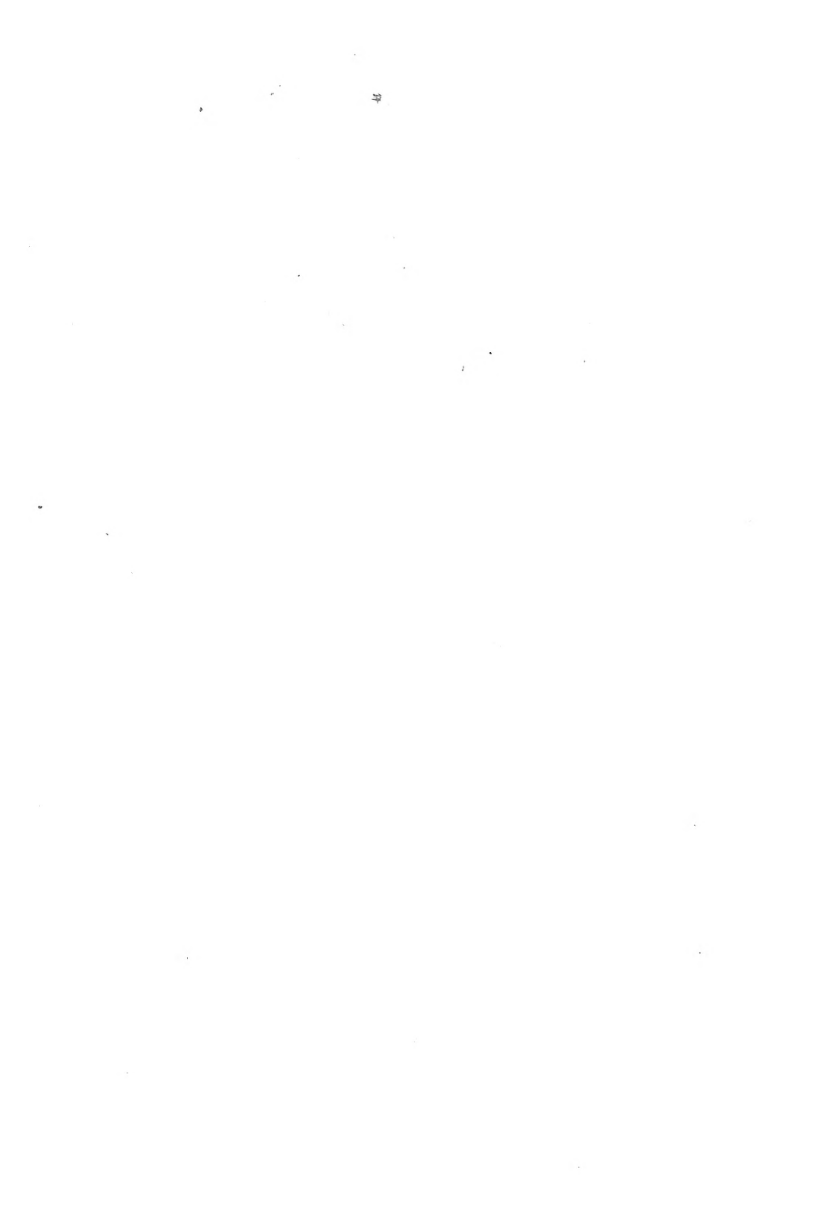
From the Homeland and from afar,
 Across the seas, they came;
 The blood-bond drew them to the war—
 That, and the British name.

Now, of the hearts that beat so high,
 Many are stilled for aye;
 And lives that seemed too young to die,
 Too dear, have passed away.

Shall we deplore them? Hearts are rent,
 And weeping were no shame;
 Nay, they are lift above lament;
 Paean, not dirge, they claim.

As Hellas in the olden days
 Bent o'er her gallant dead,
 And gave them—not her tears, but—praise,
 We dry our tears, half shed;

And with the thanks, the grateful praise,
 Of those he died to save,
 We lay a wreath of deathless bays
 Upon each hero's grave.





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